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NEWS GLEANINGS.

Birmingham is also to be lighted with gas. The bottom corn in the South is not so bad. The old city debt of Memphis is \$2,173,792.75.

Cotton-seed oil is now used in the South extensively in place of lard for cooking purposes. They gamble wildly and desperately at Hot Springs. Twelve faro tables in one house allow 200 sinners to fight the tiger nightly.

At last the capitalists of the North are turning their attention to the South. It is the best place to invest money.

Augusta, Georgia, is no slow place by considerable. She has 175,000 spindles in active operation, representing \$5,000,000 capital.

The White Sulphur Springs property in Virginia has been sold to satisfy liens for \$19,000. The original cost was \$160,000. The property contains 1,439 acres.

Good judges estimate that the deficiency in the cotton crop this year will be 600,000 bales—that is to say, the total product will be 5,800,000 instead of 6,400,000 bales, as in 1880.

Farm an estimate made by the Agricultural Department at Washington, we learn there are 1,111 acres of grapes in cultivation in Alabama, making 122,672 gallons, worth \$399,705.

Out of eighty-five distilleries in the Nashville revenue district all but twenty-six have ceased operations. It is believed all the distilleries in the upper country, save two in Moore county, will have to cease for lack of corn.

The city of Pensacola has redeemed her credit by agreeing to pay her debt. A vote of her citizens on the 27th developed but twenty-two against a settlement, agreed upon between the Mayor and Council and the bondholders.

The amount of taxable property in Georgia has increased within the last year from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000. The Governor has, in consequence, issued his order for decreasing the rate of taxation half a cent less than last year.

New Orleans has sixteen steamers engaged in the Mediterranean fruit trade. During the present year they have landed no less than three hundred and twenty thousand boxes of oranges and lemons, and about twenty thousand more boxes have been brought in by sailing vessels.

Louisiana produced and marketed during the year ending September 1 the largest crop of rice and sugar since the war. A careful computation shows the receipts to have been 218,314 hogheads of sugar, 16,256,028 gallons of molasses, and 266,658 barrels of clear rice.

There are 225 Indians still remaining in South Florida. They are peaceful and hold friendly relations with the white settlers. They are remnants of the "Tigers," "Wolves," "Snakes" and "North Winds." Their chiefs are always chosen from the Tigers from superstitious traditions.

The Morning Star (N.C.): The forest acreage of North Carolina is probably greater than three or four of the North-western States combined. What a fortune there is in the forests of our State for generations unborn. Every farmer should plant at least 10,000 trees. Let the supply be increased rather than diminished.

We see it stated that the advance sheets of the census declare that the small portion of the State of Mississippi called the "Yazoo Bottom" which in 1870 produced only 258,000 bales of cotton, is capable, by the exclusion of the Mississippi overflow and by improved cultivation, of producing nearly 5,737,257 bales annually, or the whole present production of the whole country.

An interesting feature of the International Exposition at Atlanta, next month, will be the manufacture of a suit of clothes from raw cotton in twenty-four hours. The cotton will be picked, spun, dyed, woven and made into a suit of clothes for Senator Brown inside of the day.

North Carolina has discovered a new gem. It is called the "hiddenite." It is similar in color to the emerald, but harder and more brilliant. One vein only has been found, and that only two to two and a half inches wide and two feet long. The cut stones sell readily for \$100 per karat, and the largest yet found weighs five and three-quarter karats.

Mr. Hamlett, President of the Piedmont cotton factory of Georgia, makes this estimate of the profits of manufacturing a bale of cotton into sheetings: Cost of bale, \$45; cost of manufacturing, transportation and commissions, \$23.62; total cost, \$68.62. Produce of the bale made into sheetings, \$86.16; net profits, \$17.54. Including the amount paid in wages, the manufacture of a bale of cotton into coarse goods leaves \$31.91 behind in the place which manufactured it, almost as much as the total value of the cotton.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

JAY COULD has made his son George his partner.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S mother has been a widow fifty years.

JAMFALL is the name of a Colorado town. Names are very scarce out there.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY has left the stage and refuses to return to it at any price.

The water in some of the rivers in Pennsylvania is so tepid that the fish are dying.

VENXON has predicted much rain for "after the middle of September." He does not say how long after.

JOSEF MANSFIELD, well known in connection with the death of Jim Pink, is keeping a gambling house in Paris.

The ride from Washington to Long Branch was a great treat to the President, contrasted with the dull scenery of a sick room.

This Cincinnati newspaper claims that the Ohio River is no more. That means that water is scarce and that people must drink something.

MORMONISM is spreading. A temple is being erected in San Francisco for the benefit of those who believe in having an abundance of wives.

THE Detroit Free Press puts it in decent shape. It says: "Early to bed and early to rise, is good for the sleeper but rough on the flies."

CONGRESS HALL, at Saratoga, is the rendezvous of the Hebrew aristocracy, and the extremes in fashion to which the ladies go, very truly, is an eye-opener.

THE Boston Post says that a brakeman on a drunk at Chicago fell into a sewer, and at once yelled, "St. Louis, change cars!" It may be there is no truth in this.

THE beautiful Mrs. Langtry has suddenly disappeared from London society, and no one knows what has become of her. She was perhaps abducted by an empty pocketbook.

It is authoritatively stated that the so-called "boy preacher" is no more a boy than Susan B. Anthony is a girl. If that is so—well, you can figure the rest of it out yourself.

Snow in Dakota Territory from three inches to two feet deep while mercury in these parts registered 100 degrees in the shade seems a little curious, but that was about the way of it a few days ago.

IN BURMA, mercury, in March and April, reaches 110° and work is done after nightfall. It is not so stated, but it is supposed the inhabitants sleep during the heat of the day, if they can.

It is estimated by the Chicago Tribune that the land bill will add about \$160,000,000 to the value of peasant buildings in Ireland, and reduce the rental of landlords from \$60,000,000 to \$40,000,000.

Another only point of the compass where the peach crop is not a failure is Southern Indiana, and there the crop was never better than the present season. The owners of orchards are making fortunes.

It is related as a fact that a watermelon can be kept an indefinite period by giving it two or three coats of varnish. This excludes the air, and the fruit is not only preserved but retains its flavor and sweetness.

Mrs. BREYHARD reports that the Mississippi River is cutting a new channel for itself from the mouth of Red River through the Atchafalaya to the Gulf. Should this occur, New Orleans would be left high and dry.

THE Kansas prohibitory laws do not prohibit to any great extent. The Topeka City Council issues licenses to dealers in "soda, mineral water, and other drinks," and other drinks, they do say, are having a big run.

THE James boys still live and operate, as usual, in Missouri. Strange there isn't enough "energy" in that State to annihilate these outlaws. We know of several States that would have gotten rid of them long ago.

IN SWEETWATER COUNTY, Wyoming, a deposit of sulphuric acid in a natural state, has been found; 100 acres or more are impregnated with it. However, we do not believe that 100 acres will hold all the bad people there is in the world.

ONE of the great truths of the day is the following from the Boston Transcript: "We have seen ladies who were miserably shocked at the sight of a man in his shirt sleeves, and their own arms were bare almost to the shoulders! Women are strange creatures."

THE people of Michigan appeal to the people of the United States for help. This appeal should be promptly and

liberally answered. The calamity of which they are victims is one of the most frightful that ever occurred in any age or country.

A girl in the rural districts of New York, who received a prize of \$200 for being "the handsomest girl in the State" has gone crazy as a bed-bug over the matter and has been sent to an asylum. It hurts some people to tell them they are good looking.

AT THE expressed wish of the President, Drs. Reyburn, Barnes, and Woodward, three of the President's attending physicians, have been dismissed. The President said he was tired seeing so many doctors around, and thought they were superfluous. Probably he was right.

A CORRESPONDENT at Hot Springs, Ark., writes that poker (a game at cards) is the monopoly of the hour at that place. It is played day and night in the hotel parlors, bed rooms and offices, in the stores and at every conceivable point where the players can find a place to sit down.

IT HAS BEEN a long time since the President read the papers, and he is naturally anxious to know what is going on. He said the other day, after suddenly waking from his sleep, as if musing: "I think it is about time that they gave me the daily papers to read. What is in them, anyway?"

OWING to the fact that there are about 3,000 claimants for the \$200 Warner prize for the discovery of comet B., and no means of ascertaining who is the rightful claimant, Warner has decided to award the \$200 to the person writing the best essay on "comets, their relation to the earth and other bodies."

IT REMAINS that the longer we live the worse do our opinions become of the Apaches. They are a heartless, murderous set, whose chief delight is to torture to death their fellow beings. The noble red man is scarcely as noble as he is used to be, and people who mix with them are finding it out at a pretty lively rate.

THE King of Wurttemberg has appointed Richard M. Jackson, an Ohio man, his reader. Jackson has a salary of 6,000 marks, a suite of five rooms at the academy and is continually with the king, with whom he is in good favor. Yes, yes; Ohio men do pop up just where you least expect them.

LAZARUS' bustles heretofore will be made of a material to serve as life-preservers, so that in case of a steamboat blowup or shipwreck, the fair ones, duck-like, can ride serenely to shore. Of course they will sit upright and let their feet hang over. The right will be a grand one.

Why do not the railroad companies in the West provide their employees with arms with which to protect themselves and passengers against the outrages of outlaws? It does seem strange that there is never any one about who knows how to shoot when the James gang come along.

THE outlaw Jesse James does not propose to have his horrible deeds recorded in book form, and has notified a Western editor who is engaged upon such a work. He states through a newspaper that he will cut the throat of the man who publishes his life. That's enough. The editor will desist at once.

THE Cincinnati Exposition, now in progress, has not been as extensively advertised as the enterprise deserves. Every feature of the exhibit is pronounced superior to that of any past year, yet the fact has not been thoroughly stated to the public in the public prints, and should the attendance not come up to the expectation of the Board, the fault will be in the lack of sufficient advertising and not in the display made by exhibitors or their lack of enterprise of an appreciative character.

VENXON has been making some mistakes. He predicted frosts for the latter part of August, and when he published his predictions people looked forward with fond expectation to the time when they could enjoy a good sleep, but the frost didn't come—oh, no; not by a jugful. But the storm that was to follow these frosty nights on the Atlantic coast did come and did a heap of damage, but it didn't come at the tail end of a frost.

It came alone, and the way it acted, was fully able to travel without outside assistance.

THE news of the wholesale destruction, by fire, of life and property in Michigan, should convey a warning to those wide regions of the country where the terrible heat prevails and the drought has become alarming. There are parts of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky that might be swept by a tempest of fire, and there should be extraordinary precautions taken against letting fire get out. The burning of brush and stumps, as is the custom in a dry season, is dangerous business when the country is so inflammable; and a man who starts a fire in the woods for his amusement, or

because he imagines he is a hunter, or in wantonness, should be regarded as a criminal and treated accordingly.

WHEELER, the editor of the Quincy (Ill.) Herald, has created a national hate for himself by his cowardly attacks on the wounded President, and to say he richly deserves it, is putting the matter in a very mild form. The Chicago Tribune speaks in appropriate terms of Wheeler, as follows: "And this abandoned wretch who laughs to scorn the noblest impulse of grief ever indulged in by a great people, this scoundrel who meets tears with taunts and rebuffs, openly applauds the act of Guibourg, and thereby makes himself morally a party to his crime by justifying it; this scoundrel who does not attempt to conceal his ardent hope that the President will die and that quickly, this fiend in human shape, has not been so much as slapped in the face! He has not been tarred and feathered. He has not been held by the ears and told to his face that he is a dastardly liar. He has not been kicked down stairs out of his own office. He has not been treated like the dirty dog he is, and he continues to splash his poisoned ink in the faces of the people of Quincy."

THE World's Thinkers.

The individual might and worth of the thinker, upon the subject of security. The best thought has been evolved from minds free from caring and the grinding despotism of petty circumstances. Upon individual celebrity depends the might of a nation's literature. The world's greatest authors have been enumerated inside of a hundred numbers; the great authors of any one nation can be told upon the fingers. The names of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Pope, and Wordsworth represent England's greatness in the field of poetry.

In sunny Italy, with her myriad painters, sculptors, and architects, the literature of the country is confined to only a few great names—Dante, one of the world's greatest poets, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Michael Angelo, and Raphael—the latter ones merely commentators. Spain had her Calderon, Cervantes, and Lope de Vega, although the latter was only a monstrously prolific triller in the world of letters. Little Portugal has only her Camoes, Germany, the fatherland of thought, has but a few bright geniuses whose names will survive a thousand years—Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Richter—and France none at all of that dignity, not excepting Racine, Moliere, Voltaire, and Hugo.

Our own country, it may be said in all humility, has not produced one author of such classic prowess that he may vie with any of the authors above mentioned. Even Emerson and Longfellow will not be permitted to live in the archives of fame until their celebrity has been canonized by the verdict of future ages. As yet they can be placed on no higher plane than Tennyson and Carlyle. Time only will tell the truth about them.

In Greece, the mother of all nations in literature, the school of all later ambitions, there are five famous names: the first magnitude, Homer, Eschylus, Plutarch, Plato, Demosthenes; in Rome as many more, Homer, Virgil, Caesar, Cicero, and Juvenal. They have given humanity assurance of its greatness; they are now as hostages of humanity in the realm of perpetuity. Their brethren of lower degree are gradually sinking out of sight in the limbo of oblivion. Those nations which failed to produce any distinguishing lights in literature, will in time come to be considered merely barbarous, or at best, mediocres.

The Middle Ages have been called the Dark Ages; darkness, ignorance, and superstition are said to have prevailed. The monks were said to have slept their lives away; the whole period has been depicted as if it were a hideous nightmare. This is a mistaken impression. If the reader will but consider ours as a new world, quite apart from the old classic world, just as the world that began with Noah was different from the world that began with Adam—he will see a new light dawning on this glorious Renaissance of thought—the spring-time of a new era in literature. The times of the German and English Reformations, and the French and American revolutions followed by the triumph of the steam engine, and our own degenerate and fiery nature, are the autumn of this great era of thought; we are now in the seed and yellow leaf, as regards literature, and the occasional pop-Raphaelite glints of color, against a soberer background, are only the gorgeous dyes and tints of early autumn, presaging blight.—Kokomo (Ind.) Tribune.

Fairs in England.

It is wonderful how completely the old English fair has disappeared. Every year the characteristics of "merrie England" become more and more historical. At Epsom races there are no more side shows, no speckled boys, no fat women, no dwarfs, giants, or living skeletons. The Richardson show is gone. The huge crowds of people amuse themselves with potatoes of beer, throwing sticks at coccinellids, and shooting from toy guns at targets. It is the same at Epsom; even at Coventry Fair there is almost nothing of the old time. Lady Godiva is forbidden to lead her procession through the town, however thickly clad. The old Shrewsbury show occasionally appears, but only as a ghost of its former self. The Lord Mayor's show holds out longest, but it is a sad spectacle. Probably George Stephenson is responsible for this hiding away of the fairs that used to dance and sing. The railways have let in too much light on their solitudes. The fragments of that strange past, picked up and set a-playing like puppets at Albert Hall, were amusing, but there was a sad side to them. Human nature devours its own children, and sometimes plays with their bones.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE weight of an average male adult is 140 pounds.

The average man measures about five feet three and one-half inches.

The human skeleton consists of more than 200 distinct bones.

The carachodon (shark), the forefather of the man-eater of to-day, was from 100 to 150 feet in length. A good-sized horse and cart could have been driven into its mouth.

The female spider spins the web; the male is a wanderer. In nine cases out of ten the female eats her husband up. Eleven skeletons have been found in one madame's "back yard."

EVERY adult man has 1,400 square feet of lungs; or, rather, the various membranes lining the air-cells of his lungs, if spread upon a smooth, plane surface, would cover an extent of 1,400 square feet.

ROMAN gladiators received sometimes as much as \$3,000 per year by the sale of the mixture of oil and sweat, called strigamentum, which was scraped from their bodies after their contests. This mixture was made into pills, which were sold as a tonic for endowing strength and prolonging life.

THEMISTOCLES could call by their names the 20,000 citizens of Athens. Cyrus is reported to have known the name of every soldier in his army. Horatius (after Cicero, the greatest orator of Rome), after sitting a whole day at a public sale, correctly enumerated from memory all the things sold, their prices and the names of their purchasers.

THERE was once a curious saying in England, "When once hempe is spun, England is done," which became a prophecy fulfilled when James I. ascended the throne by the death of those sovereigns whose initials spelled the fatal word, Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip (Mary's Spanish husband), Elizabeth. "England was done," then, since James of Scotland was King.

WRITERS on natural history describe a hideous reptile known as the fishing frog, which angles for its game as expertly and with as great success as the most adroit fly-fisher. He is a clumsy, awkward swimmer, but nature has compensated him for his unskillfulness by furnishing him with an equivalent for a rod and line, with bait always ready for use. Two elongated tentacles spring from his nose, which taper away like actual fishing rods. To the end of them is attached by a slender filament, which serves the purpose of a line, a bait in the form of a shiny bit of membrane. The hooks are set in the mouth of the fisherman down below, and in order to induce the fish to venture within reach of them the angler stirs up the mud at the bottom with his tail and tail. This attracts the fish, and conceals him from their observation. He then plies his rod; the glittering bait glows in the water like a living insect. The dazed fish are taken in great numbers, perfectly circumvented by the trick of the crafty angler.

Trust Your Wife.

A man who has made a few hundred dollars clear of his business, was afraid to invest it, and finally agreed to tell his wife how he had such a sum. So he hit upon the expedient of hiding the wallet which contained it in an unused parlor stove, and feeling sure that no one would molest it, went about his business with the feeling that it was safe.

But one day his wife made a fire in the stove to burn up an accumulation of rubbish, and, happening to mention the fact to her husband, was astonished to see him jump up and run round like one possessed.

"You have ruined me, ruined me!" he shrieked. "All the savings I had were hidden in that stove. Oh, what idiots women are!"

"I think you acted more like an idiot," answered his wife calmly, "first in not telling me you had the money, next in putting it in such a place. Had I trusted you that money would now be out on investment instead of being burned up?"

The man wrung his hands and groaned and made life a burden to himself and family, until he finally quieted down and acknowledged that he had no one to blame but himself. Then his wife gave him a bankbook with the amount he had lost credited to him.

"It was just by the merest chance that I found the wallet," she said, "and then I felt hurt and indignant to think you could not have trusted me with even a knowledge of your savings. If I am not fit to receive your confidence, I may then be fit to receive your wife's."

Peace was restored and it is safe to surmise that the husband never again failed to trust his wife.

Women, especially those who have had little contact with the world of business, are not unfrequently gifted with large instincts, which give them a quick insight into business matters. A man who has a proper appreciation of his wife will sell a cow or a horse off his farm without consulting her. No merchant will buy a stock of dry goods without exchanging ideas with the partner in life; trust your wife, not feebly and with restrictions, but fully, in whole measure. It is said that men are what their mother's make them. Many a man who has gone down into the depths of moral and temporal disaster if he had only trusted his wife; not in the day of adversity, but in the day of prosperity. "Shut! What some Solon to his household. Not much experimentally, it may be, but as the most disastrous failures are always made by men, it may be possible a woman might at least have a position as look-out on the ship to signal, 'danger ahead.' The men who have become famous in the world have always relied upon the judgment of their wives. A French writer says that when a man has toiled away by step up a long flight of stairs he will be sure to find a woman at the top. The man who distrusts his wife's intelligence is to be pitied. The man who ignores it as beneath his dignity is a fool.

If Eve had possessed patent bangs, and false hair, and a dozen modern dresses, she would have been busy, and have had no time to bother with the serpent.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Wonderous strong are the spells of fiction. Beware of the fury of a patient man.—Dryden.

O Memory, thou shalt not an endless muse through all the lonely chambers of the heart. A story that hits is better than a broadside that misses.

What's gone and what's past help, should be past grief.

Travel improves superior wine and spoils poor; it is the same with the brain.

Nature has sometimes made a fool; but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.

If idleness does not produce vice or malvolence, it commonly produces melancholy.

Each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.

Manners are the hypocrisies of nations; the hypocrisies are more or less perfected.

Calumny spreads like an oil-spot; it is unadvised to cleanse it, but the work remains.

It is with happiness as with watches—the less complicated the less easily deranged.

Annoyance is man's heaven; the element of movement, without which we should grow morose.

To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a lifetime.

Wish death consents to let us live a long time, it takes successively as hostages all those we have loved.

An irritable man lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.

A vigorous mind is as necessarily accompanied with violent passions as a great fire with great heat.—Burke.

A man's idolatry is for an idea, a woman's is for a person. A man suffers for a monarchy, a woman for a King.

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work body and soul.

It is more from carelessness about the truth than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.—Johnson.

What is opportunity to the man who can't use it? An unfecundated egg, which the waves of time wash away into nonentity.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture, like a schoolboy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail.

I love that tranquility of soul in which we feel the blessing of existence, and which in itself is a prayer and thanksgiving.—Longfellow.

Counsel is not so sacred a thing as praise, since the former is only useful among men, but the latter is for the most part reserved for the gods.

With the world do not resort to injuries, but only to irony and gaiety; injury revolts, while irony makes one redoubt, and gaiety disarms.—Voltaire.

It is the slowest pulsation which is the most vital. The hero will then know how to wait as well as to make haste. All good abides with him who waiteth wisely.

Making Things Over.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones upon one of his worrying days, "it seems to me you might be more economical; now there's my old clothes, why can't you make them over for the children instead of giving them away?"

"Because they're worn out when you're done with them," answered Mrs. Jones. "It's no use making over things for the children that won't hold together; you couldn't do it yourself, smart as you are."

"Well," grumbled Jones, "I wouldn't have closets full of things milking for want of wear if I was a woman, that's all. A penny saved is a penny earned."

That was in April. One warm day in May Mr. Jones went prancing through the closets looking for something he couldn't find and turning things generally inside out.

"Maria!" he screamed, "where's my gray alpaca duster?"

"Made it over for Johnny."

"Ahem! Well, where's the brown linen one I bought last summer?"

"Clothes-bag!" mumbled Mrs. Jones, who seemed to have a difficulty in her speech at that moment. "Just made it into a nice one!"

"Where are my lavender pants?" yelled Jones.

"Cut them over for Willie."

"Heavens!" groaned the husband. Then, in a voice of thunder: "Where have my blue suspenders got to?"

"Hung the baby-jumper with them."

"Maria," asked the astonished man, in a subdued voice, "would you mind telling me what you have done with my silk hat; you haven't made that over for the baby, have you?"

"Oh! no, dear," answered his wife cheerfully, "I've used that for a hanging basket. It is full of plants, and looks lovely." Mr. Jones never mentions the word economy or suggests making over—he had enough of it.

Women in French Medical Colleges.

Only twelve women have received medical diplomas in Paris. Among these is an American lady named Pittman. She and an Italian lady named Rosetti and a Russian named Goutchareon are well known in Parisian medical practice. Not more than three of the female physicians now practicing in Paris are of French nationality; but one of these, who began to study after she had become a widow, and while burdened with two children, has attained distinction, and is a regular medical attendant at the Chatelet Theater. The number of female medical students now studying is forty-two, of whom three are American, eighteen English, eleven French, and ten Russian. The length and expensiveness of a course of medical study in the French Capital keep the number of female students small. Such a course lasts seven or eight years, and costs not less than \$4,000.